finding pork rinds in sneaker soles

On December 17, sometime between
eating goldfish and Haagen Dazs,
I found my identity nestled within the car seat
of my mom's silver
convertible

A breakdown of composition:
Jamaican mangoes eaten with a spoon/ ancestry tests/ air hockey on a cruise ship/ elephant statues/ rejected Communion/ eyeliner in Walgreens/ dusty violins/ clumsy first love/ maximalist bedrooms/ kitten teeth/ heirloom spoon rings/ falling from avocado trees
to stand within a family gathering
like a raven,
entranced by shiny necklaces and beady earrings
and gossip

Hereditary [her-e-di-tary] translates to bewilderment
and broken slot machines
(we can’t quite find our place)